BULLDOG CARNEY. WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY W. A. FRASER. (Copyright, 1898, the S. S. McClure Co.)

colored ribbon and wound around the butt of a hig fir stump.

Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladsome September day - all among the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose leaves and the soft gray and cream of

the bleached bunch grass. He might have been praying, so quietly was he kneeling there, but he wasn't-he was biaspheming softly to himself, as his impatient eve wandered in and out among the boulders and trees that fringed the

The morning sun picked out little bright fewel-like spots, on the instrument he had leveled across the top of the big stump. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels.

Just as three men riding bronchos camin sight at a sudden turn in the trail, he bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth length.

The bronchos were coming along at a their withers, and the bridle reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders.

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument; a sharp click close to it; a puff of smoke followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over as he fell, and the bright blots of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse startled out of his sleepy lope by the report and flash, reared and plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air a bullst glanced from the high born in front of the man and went than the start of the s tearing its corkscrew way through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle.
The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorehing its way close to his skin, "Damn bad shot!" the man behind the stump jerked out between his square jaws as he pumped the lever of his repeater for ward and back.

Evidently he had meant well, but the cay use rearing had diverted the bullet from it intended way. The third broncho and its rider were mak

ing good time in the other direction. The shot he sent after them did not increase their speed any, for they were doing their The animal the dead man had ridden did not move. He stood beside the fallen fig-ure, waiting with dumb patience for his

master to rise and mount again. Throwing the empty shell from the breech of his rifle, the man who had fired the shots walked leisurely over to the fig wre lying on the ground.
"Well, Jack, old man." he said, address

ing the horse, "you're a damned sight honester than your master. If he'd stuck to his pals as close as you're doing he'd be ready for grub-pile at noon instead of bleaching out here. "And I guess he cached the 'stuff' in this

big apperajos, too," he added, shoving his hand down in the ample, bag-like affair. Yes, it was there right enough; a whole bag full of it. Forty-four hundred dollars, as was found out afterwards.

Then he turned his attention to the man

lying on his back, with the great ragged fed gash in his chest where the encircling bullet had plunged through. Well, pard, you've thrown down your

mate for the last time. Whisky orinkin' is bad business, but whisky tradin' is away up in 'G,' to jedge by this wad.'' And he handled the bag of money lovingly.

"You might a known better than to throw But Bantiste wasn't drunk—he was only tribulous search: found nim at Manmy."

But Bantiste wasn't drunk—he was only tribulous search: found nim at Manmy. me down," he added, reproachfully, as though he were trying to throw the blame of the murder upon the man himself.

"Come on now, Jack, I'l use you for a little," and he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missouls end of the trail

He had not gone far before he turned short to the left up a dry water course. Here he stopped, and, dismounting, pro-ceeded to wrap some old bags he pulled out from behind a rock about the feet of

the cavuse. the cayuse.

"You're a tenderfoot, Jack: you've hit
the trall so often that you're a bit sore in
the toes," he remarked, in a dry monotone, as he worked at the bags.

Then he mounted again, and went across

country for about three miles, until he struck the big cedar swamp which runs for miles and miles from Golden. As he rode along he let his thoughts work

themselves out in words, firing them at and punctuating them with swing ings digs from the big spurs which hung rather loosely on his rather high-heeled boots.

They'll think that the prospector who laid your old man out has hit the trail for Missoula and lit out.

"They'll pick up tracks there, all right enough, but they ain't yourn, Jack.
"Let me see," he added, pulling a watch from his pocket; "Whisky Saunders took that bad spell about 10 o'clock. The jay on the cayuse will strike Golden about noon. Old Steel and his Jim-Dandles will pull out in half an hur and pick was the strike for the str in haif an hour, and pick up your tracks headin' for Missoula about 3.
"There'll be a hell of a row, and they'll

run in some poor devil before night. They cop almost any one but me."

Just as they neared the edge of the "Big Cedar" a horse neighed a short distance

I guess Blazes smells you, Jack," he aid, chuckling softly. "He thinks we've een a long time over the job." "I'll give you a drink" he said, as he

"I'll give you a drink," he said, as he dismounted," and you'll hang out here until some one throws a line over you tonight.

Bill'll cut you loose when it's time."

Then he mounted Blazer and rode in a big circuit, skirting the cedar swamp, and upon the mountain side on his way back to Golden. It was dark when he got to the ford on Kicking Horsa river just opposite to Golden. It was dark when he got to the ford on Kicking Horse river, just opposite the town. Half-way across he took a careful pull to one side, letting Blazer feel his way carefully. Stopping the horse, he took his Winchester and threw it far out on the topper side of the ford; that is, he took a

his Winchester and threw it far out on the upper side of the ford; that is, he took a big swing at it, but the loose end of his hackle line caught in the breech and the rifle came splashing down at Blazer's hoofs. "A damned bad throw," he said grimly; then he chuckled softly to himself. "I then he chuckled softly to himself." guess this outfit'll cut loose better!" and he commenced firing 38.55 cartridges far out finto the stream with vigorous swings of his long arm. "That's a cinch," he grunted, complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep but it's bad fishing now, an' I guess they won't find it anyway."

When Blazer's hoofs lost the muffled

sound of the water and struck with a sharp fing on the smooth-worn stones on the Golden side of the Kicking Horse, the rider eve his long legs a hitching swing and the horse broke into a lope.

It was the night before the day that the Whisky smuggler lay out on the Missoula trail, stark and stiff, with his red lifeblood splashed all over the tawny mat of dried leaves and withered rosebushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Santley's bechalor quarters not very summittees. bachelor quarters, not very sumptuous quarters were they either, showing much of careless misrule and absence of order. Santley was astonished and said so, which was quite right, for he had not seen Grace-Grace Aiton-since he had left En-

"I'm glad to see you, Grace," he said, That you shouldn't have come here all same. You always had sense, but this is

That doesn't matter in the slightest. "That doesn't matter in the slightest, and, besides (with a fine fouch of womanly inconsistency), no one saw me coming here except the friend who is waiting outside; it's hone of their affairs if they did."
"Well, what's expected of me," he asked,

gesignedly. "You're wanted at home, your mother

wants you."
"I suppose I ought to go, but I'm not going all the same," he added, taking a long breath as though the words scorched his throat a little. "Yes, you must go Arvil, I want you to

Two miles from Dan Stuart's whisky five, and sighteen from Golden, the Missoula trail took a sudden kink in its flesh-toward her a little that she might see better, and with his hand parted the heavy black hair which swept across his broad

forehead in luxuriant abandon "Do you see that big red scar?" he asked; Well, if I were back there my mother would put her hand upon my forehead, so, as she did when I was a little boy, and when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes,

good when we were together as children in England, and you are good now in spite of all you say, and you will go back. I promised your mother that I would find you here and tell you that she wanted to see you before she died. Father was coming here for a few days to look at his mines, and then we go on to the coast."

"You need not come back with me to the hotel. I have a good guide with me, the friend who got her to come with me called her Mammy Nolan: I know that you will go back, for you've promised me, Ewinging walk, their heads on a level with she said, as she slipped quietly out of the

> A little roll of bills was lying on the table where she had left it.

It lacked half an hour of 12 o'clock when a French half-bred. Baptiste Gabrielle. galloped into the square of the police bartacks at Golden on a cayuse reeking with after Stanley. the wet which is from the inside. The con-etable on guard, pacing solemnly up and help you take this Englishman, for he's a the wet which is from the inside. The con-

the dead body lying out on the silent trull so stiff and cold, with the glazed eyes star-ing straight up into the mountain blue of the smiling sky, and the hurrying of men in brown jackets and dark, tight-fitting, yellow-striped pants, as they saddled and bitted the strong-limbed bay horses which were to gallop and gallop after—the wind.

Sergeant Hetherington and his merry men picked up the tracks the tall man told Blazes they would find, and followed them for many a goodly mile, which time therefor the tall man with the lang neck was of the tall man with the long neck was working his way along the mountain side to the ford. Many miles beyond Dan Short's place the tracks vanished. Perhaps some one else had put bags on his horse's feet and led him across country. "Corporal" Ball was the official recognition of Mr. Ball's efficiency, but "Lanky" Ball was the godless form of expression his lathelike superstructure provoked among the fellows: "Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than "Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than

among the fellows:

"Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than
the sergiant; he discovered something.
Twenty-four hours after he started out
he discovered that he bould not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley—therefore he had disappeared—had

lit out—had hit the trail—had packed his outfit and dusted; these were the bits of local-colored knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent and sold whisky on the side, that he found out about Santley. "He lit out south yesterday," she said. "He got steered up even a chip come said. said. "He got steered up agen a skin game up to Dan Short's, an' they corraled his last remittance from home. It's about when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes, she would ask how came it there. I could not tell her, neither could I lie to her. And it is that way with all the scars, both on mind and body, they are too deep—I can-mind and body, they are too deep—I can-mind and body.

"What did you want him for? Has he been cracking some of the constables' heads? He'd do it quick enough for them if they bothered him."

"I guess he's done worse than that," said the corporal, as he mounted his horse

and rode away.
"Looks as though he'd done the trick," said the major, when Corporal Ball made his report.

his report.

"He's got a good start, and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia and work his way down into Montana. There's a rough town at the crossing, and he's dead sure to head for that." And then because the sergeant was away with two men, and because the whisky men and the gamplers, and those who were cussed simply because they couldn't help it, needed much guidance in their daily life and because the post was always short of men anyway, the major had to put a spe-cial constable on with Lanky Bail to go



THE MAN TUMBLED FROM THE SADDLE.

tadly frightened. If there is any difference

between a drunken man and a frightened half-bred, it is in favor of the former as far as coherence is concerned. Baptiste was a weird-looking object as he slid from the back of the jaded beast, standing there with all four legs braced like the posts of a sawhorse in sheer weakness, and flanks pumping in half spasmodic strokes as the wide open nestrils clutched at the air the lungs were clamoring for.
"By Goss! that fell' Whisk' Sand'son, he get keel," panted Baptiste, with a face the color of a lemon in a bottle of alcohol. "By tam! a fell' wit' long neck he keep him behint stump, an he s'oot him soor "Is he dead, Ba'tiste?" queried a Ser Hetherington, in a voice with a full flavor

of peat bog about it. "Is he dead, or on'y "Bet you life, that Whisk' fell' he dead," replied Baptiste. That fell' he s'oot tree, fo's time; an' Sand'son he kill for soor, he dead w'atever. He try soot me, but I stan' him off, an' come quick tell police

"March him in to the major," said Hetherington to a constable. Before the major, Baptiste's harangue boiled down, read: "Shot at 10 o'clock on the Misrcula trail, about eighteen miles

Golden. What was the man like who did the shooting?" asked the major. fell' wit' long neck," was graphic description this query brought "India: breed, or white man?" asked

the mair r. "Don't mow; me tink he white. fell'; tan long neck. That fell' he get Whisk'; Sand'son stuff, too, you bet, Fo', five tousan' he get in appar' Baptiste's face was the That was all. face of a man whose soul is in other gar-dens; his language that of a man too bad-



Looking Into Two Revolvers.

ly frightened to be anything but natural. The respect for the head of the force was even as a gain of mustard seed in the ava-lanche of fear which had swept him from that red-splashed spot on the Missoula trail to Golden. There was no doubt he was telling the

"Who's tall with a long neck?" asked the major shortly, turning to the sergeant major, who was standing in front of his desk.

"I will find out, sir" replied the latter, saluting as he passed out.

"That long Englishman, Arvil Santley, has a long neck like an eagle; an' Constable Grady says that he's been workin' the racket to beat two of a kind lately, sir," was the sergeant major's graphic report when he lined up in front of the desk

"Let Sergeant Hetherington take two constables and rations for two days, and get after this devil before his tracks get cold. Commence at the body. Send it back to Golden. Tell Corporal Ball to look up this Santley outfit in town. If he's got the stuff he'll have it cached somewhere That was the beginning, all in one day, The corporal was dumfounded. "It's is my nom de plume.

husky chap," said major. "Who'll you get?"

Nolan's, found him amidst the glamor of many tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled with the odoriferous steam of frying pork, and filled the big tent with a soft, summer-like have

soft, summer-like haze.

Looked at from some angles, Carney was just the man to go after the slayer of "Whisky" Sanderson. He was a big, powerful man, as big as the one they were after. He could handle "Pearl," that was his big Coit's with a dexterity that commanded universal respect. Long since he had filed away the sights and when it was had fined away the sights and which it was necessary to place several bullets in a limited time, he "fanned" his gun-turned it into a miniature Gatling. Apart from this proficiency, and a certain irrtability of

temper, he was a high roller.

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail as leader of a big whisky outfit, and sometimes he was on their side, fighting shoulder to shoulder to put down some tough gang. He didn't approve of tough-

ness as a pastime.
"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gentlemen can't work and gentlemen must have money, but don't be tough for the fun of the thing—there is no fun in it." When "Lanky" Ball explained to him what he was wanted for, and that there was a reward of \$500, half of which he would get if they captured the man who aid the job, he replied: "Cert, I'll go, for I'm getting stale here. The game's ahead of me here and I need a stake to start in

They rode out ten miles that night so that they would be sure to have an early start on the trail next morning. Over their pipes, between "grub pile" and "blanket e," they drifted on to the subject of dead man and Arvil Santley.

"I'll bet you an even fifty," said Carney, "that Santley didn't do this job." "I've good cause to have a down on him myself, for I've got his signature across the bridge of my nose, where his big sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares sprawiin' English fist caught me unawares one night. But he'll show my trademark right enough every time he parts his hair," he added, by way of vindicating his outraged honor, "for I carved his lofty brow for him, and if his skuli hadn't been so damnably thick perhaps we wouldn't be chasin' him now. All the same, he's not the sort to lay a man out for the fun of the thing; he never had any dealin' with Whisky Sanderson, for he wasn't in the Whisky Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. He was all right for sport, but the beys hadn't any use for him when they were runnin' the stuff in." "I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said the orporal. "The old man doesn't make

many mistakes, and if we can get to the second crossin' of the river before Santley, we'll bring back the man that laid Sander-"It's a bet, then," said Carney, and there was a queer smile about the regular lips set so firmly in the square Jaw.

Then they chipped in with their two blankets and slept under one cover, back to back, with their feet toward the small

smoldering campfire; slept soundly, as just men should—"Bulldog Carney," gambler whisky smuggler and special constable, and "Lanky" Ball, plain corporal in the N. W. . P. "He's ahead of us," said Carney, as they

galloped side by side the next day. "I picked up some tracks back there, and here they are again. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry, hough, for, according to the tracks, his cayuse has been taking it pretty That afternoon, when they struck the

crossing, they couldn't find anybody who had taken Santley across the river. "He must be on this side somewhere yet," said the corporal. "If you stop here and watch the crossing I'll try and look him up on this side. He'll be about some

him up on this side. He'll be about some of the gambling dives, likely."

He looked him up. He found him. In the queen's name he was made prisoner. Santley laughed when the corporal told him he was wanted for murder.

"It's some blawsted debt, I fancy," he said; "and the murder racket is only a blind; but I'll go all the same. I'm half sorry I left the beastly hole, anyway, ft's so beastly slow down this way."

When they came back to the crossing Carney was gone—gone, cayuse and all, over the river; he had given the ferryman \$50 to take him across, so the ferryman told the corporal.

told the corporal. "He's a queer fish," said the boatman. "He's a queer fish," said the boatman.
"I didn't want to cross till the morning; but he got me down there by the boat, and gave me my choice between \$\mathbb{X}\to and a plug of lead from that gun he spun around on his forefinger."

devilish queer," he muttered; "but orders are orders, and I've got my man, and I don't see as tive any call to go after this crook;" and he thought of Pearl, and Carney's beaution marksmanship and various

ney's beautiful marksmanship and various matters, and went thoughtfully back to Golden with his primoner.

"Lanky" Hall had a good head for obeying orders, which is a good thing for a corporal to have; but he hadn't much of a head for solving just such problems as this, which was, perhaps, good also—perhaps that was why he was corporal after twenty years of service.

haps that was why he was corporal after twenty years of service.

"I'll bet you fifth cases that 'bull dog' did that trader up, said Santley, as they rode side by nide.

"That's queer," said the corporal. "Carney bet me fifty that you didn't do it, and now you want to lay me the other way. If he did it, I dan't suppose that he'll come back for the stun—the fifty he laid that you didn't do it." didn't do it."
"I got the long Englishman, sir," reported the corporal to the major, when they got back to the barracks; but the other one's lit out-took his hook when I was

lookin' up the prisoner."
"What other one?" queried the major. "Buildog Carney, sir; he skipped across the river."
"That looks suspicious," thoughtfully re-

plied the major, as he pulled at his iron-gray mustache.
"It would be a bad one on us if it turned out that he had done this, and we had carted him out of the country—given him of course, there was a trial, with Arvil as the center of attraction. The other had gotten away, and they had to hang some-body if they could, so they devoted their energies to proving Arvil guilty, and the chances are they would have succeeded if

chances are they would have succeeded if it hadn't been for one person. His clearing out looked very suspicious and they found quite a sum of money on him when he was arrested, although it was known that he had been cleaned out before he went away. He would not tell where he got It, either. "None ness," he told them. "None of their blessed busi-

"It may hang you," said a friend, "if you don't teil."
"Hang it is, then," he replied, doggedly. But worst of all was Baptiste Gabrielle's evidence.
"Yes, by Goss! Dat fell', he s'oot t'ree,

"Yes, by Goss! Dat fell', he s'oot t'ree, fo' time me. Steek has head up f'om dat stump. See him me soor."

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place where Whisky Sanderson had met his fate, and she wound something, too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been in a tartible houre and had some been in a terrible hurry, and had gone clean through and through him. Mammy Nolan followed up the line of

sight from the stump across where San-derson had fallen, and luckly located the bullet in a sand knoll thirty yards beyond. It was a case-hardened 38,55 Winchester "That's the bullet that killed him right enough," mused Mammy; "but it might possibly have been fired there some other

time. It wasn't quite conclusive.

Then she found the bullet that had scorched the leg of the foremost rider that day imbedded in his saddle. That was con-Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifls owned in Golden, and it had belonged to Bull-

Dog Carney.

Now, Carney had been back in Golden after the murder, and he hadn't taken his rifle with him when he want away with Lanky Bill, so he must have hidden it somewhere. To return to Goiden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she made up her mind to drag the ford for the rifle When Mammy found the rifle where it

had dropped she knew she had forged one of the strongest links in the chain of evi-dence which fastened the guilt on Carney. It was Mammy, too, who introduced a new witness to the court in the person of Grace Alton. She had come back from Vancouver in obedience to Mammy's telegram. Her evidence was very simple, but effectually cleared up the mystery of the money.
"I gave it to him," she said simply, "to

pay his passage home to his mother. I told him a falsehood; I told him it was from his mother. He wouldn't have taken it from me if he had known the truth, but I wanted him to go home to his mother, who was asking for him every day. We were children together—Arvil Santley and myself."

It was a revelation to that wild west-ern life, this sweet, wemanly girl, and the man who would rather hang than com-promise her by telling that she had given him the money.
"I had too bad a name," he said when his friends rounded on him for a chival-

Mammy my didn't know shout the when she sent for Grace; she only knew that Grace and Santley had met when Grace was in Golden. In the face of the new evidence,

much stock was taken in Baptiste Ga-

brielle's saving that Arvii Santley

the man who had snot at him. He had been too badly frightened to know what the man who had done the shooting really looked like. Besides the other, the man the had galleped on in front swere that it was a fair man who had shot, while Santley was dark.
It came out that Mammy Nolan was

Pinkerton detective, and the business of running a restaurant and selling whisky on the side was only a blind. Nobody but the major had known this before. After many moons of anxious tracing, word of Carney came to hand. He was at St. Vincent, just over the borders from Manitoba.

The extradition law is slow," mused the major, "likewise is it uncertain. Now, if we had Carney on this side the line we could arrest him." At this the sergeant, who was standing

by, pricked his ears.
"It moight be managed, sor." "It moight be managed, sor."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said the major reflectively. "Corp. Ball knows his man.

He escorted him out; perhaps he'll escort him back again. You will need siderable money, for it's a long trip," he wrote out a fairish-sized order. Lanky Ball and the sergeant Carney at a small hotel at St. not a stone's throw over the line. St. Vincent,

A little preliminary arrangement with the hotel keeper, and that night as Car-ney gently slept the sleep of the just two figures stole up the narrow stair which led to his room, and silently slipped through the door. How still and dark the room was. Ah!

How still and dark the room was. Ah! not so dark now, for like the headlight of an engine a bull's-eye lantern was throwing its full glare upon them, and they were looking into the dark depths of two murderous-looking revolvers as Carney held them above the counterpane.

"O, that's you, Lanky, is it?" he said chearfully. "Clad to see you Come to Carrey held them above the counterpane.

"O, that's you, Lanky, is it?" he said cheerfully. "Glad to see you. Come to pay that fifty, I suppose. Just put it on the table there. I don't feel like getting up. That's right, you can take one hand

down," he said.
"Just lay your gun down on the table first, though. Quick, now, cough up that fifty, for, you see, you're burglars in my room, and if I let daylight through the room, and if I let daylight through the pair of you it will be all right, you know."

Then Lanky put up 50 cases of the good government money he had brought to pay the expenses of taking Carney back.

That was the nearest they ever got to Carney, for he is still living the life of a "gentleman." "gentleman."

In proportion to its size, a fly walks thir teen times as fast as a man can run.

(Copyright, 1898, Life Publishing Company.)



an 'ostrich?'
The Cassov

It Does Not Pay to Make Remarks About the Kaiser.

OFFENDER USUALLY GOES TO JAIL

Law of Lese Majeste Works Great Hardships in Germany.

EVILS OF DENUNCIATION

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

BERLIN, July 8, 1898. The following article is written by a prominent German editor, how prominent would be recognized immediately if his name could be given. But to that he objects most decidedly, as it would certainly mean his prosecution and imprisonment on the very charge which he discusses. It is sufficient to say that he is not a social democrat-is, in fact, thoroughly opposed to that political party and a strong adherent of the monarchy.

Germany has attained an ill-favored re-

nown in foreign countries by the numberless political trials which have occurred since the present kaiser ascended the throne. Most of these proceedings have been instituted on the charge of lese majeste, a crime for which the English-speaking nations have not even a word in their dictionaries. The periods of incarceration which have been inflicted on men and women of all classes for the offense would aggregate centuries. Venerable widows of seventy and schoolgirls of fifteen have been sent to jail alike for a word of criticism against the emperor, though the press has provided a good proportion of the offenders. Now, what is this terrible crime of lese Now, what is this terrible crime of lesse majeste? How does the law define it? Clause ninety-five of the German penal code gives some information on this point. It reads thus: "Whosoever is found guilty of libeling the kaiser, or one of the federat-ed German sovereigns, will be sentenced to prison for not less than two months, or to incarceration in a fortress from two months to five years."

This is the law as it stood of old. It has not been altered under the present emperor. The only change that has occurred is a severe and extended application, such as was never before attempted. Under the old emperor one did not hear much of "Majestats Beleidigungs-Prozessen" (trials for lese majeste). His majesty performed the duties of a sovereign very much like Queen Victoria of England. He wrote his name under what Bismarck chose to sub-mit to him and lived otherwise like an old gentleman of independent means. He played at soldier as long as he was able to mount a horse, resorted to watering places in summer time, amused himself, but he did not meddle with party politics and never indulged in speechmaking. So his venerable figure commanded sympathy even among those who disapproved his earlier career and the bloody part he played in fighting the popular movement of 1848, for which he bore for long years the name of "Kartatschen-Prinz." Under such conditions no public man, no journalist or political agitator felt inclined to criticise the personal acts of the old kaiser. It would have been considered bad taste to do so, just as it is in England to criticise the personal

A Heaven-Born Present.

But this state of things was altered altogether as soon as William II occupied the throne. His temper does not permit him to be a constitutional monarch of the modern type. He has in himself nothing of the charming modesty and the prudent moderation of his father and his grandfather. He is a romantic character of the type of Frederic William IV, who, a year before Frederic William IV, who, a year before the revolution of 1848, emphatically exclaimed: "No power in the world shall induce me to put on a sheet of paper (i. e., a constitution) between our Lord in heaven From this monerch Wil liam II has inherited the autocratic convic-tion that he is not a man of flesh and blood like other mortals, but rather a heaven born present bestowed upon the fatherland. From this monarch, too, he inherited fondness for spechmaking, which has proved to be unfortunate for the kaiser himself, for the whole nation, and especially for a good many citizens. It is an unfortunate tendency for the kaiser, for the reason that nearly every speech he has delivered has held him up to ridicule before the whole country. Even those who lie in the dust before him laugh at him as soon as he has gone, and many a cruel joke on his speeches which now is common property of his subjects was brewed in the ante chamber of the Schloss of Berlin. It is unfortunate for the nation, because the friendly relations which should exist between the body and head of the state are violently disturbed by these turbulent outbursts of an unruly personality. And, last but not least, it is unfortunate for a good many individual subjects, because they have had to reconsider their frank criticism of these speeches in the prison cell

The Kaiser's Attitude.

The question whether there was room for such criticism or not may best be answered by some specimens of those speeches.

Addressing a body of recruits William once said: "For you there is only one foe. and that is my foe. In view of our present socialist troubles, it may come to this, that I may command you to shoot down your own relatives, brothers and even parents, in the streets, which God forbid! But if it comes to that you must obey my orders without a murmur." After a din-ner given in his honor by the Brandenburg provincial diet he said: "Those who op-pose me I shall dash in pieces." And again, to gentlemen of the Rhenish diet at Dusseldorf, with regard to Bismarck, whom he had just dismissed: "One only is lord in this country, and this one am I. Whosoever opposes me I shall smash"—whence his nickname, "William the Smasher" (Wilhelm der Zerschmitterer). This firm belief that the Almighty and he are some thing like very near relatives may be earned from many of his speeches. For thing instance: "The 'kingship, by the grace of God," expressed the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown enly from heaven and are responsible only to heaven." "God has given himself such endless trouble with our house that we can assume He has not done this for nothing. No, Brandenburgers, we are called to greatness, and to glorious days will I lead you." Again: "The first King of Prussia once said: Eome mea nata corona," (My crown is born out of weelf). I in crown is born out of myself). I in the like my imperial grandfather, hold kingship as by the grace of God. It on this spot that King William openly clared before his subjects that he held erown from God alone. This is also my deepest conviction and has ever served me as a guide in all my actions.

To Crush His Opponents.

A most undesirable thing for a constitutional monarch to do is to take an active part in politics. William II has done se although in the beginning of his reign he told the people: "The King of Prussia stands so high above parties and party conflicts that, seeking the best interests of all, he is in a position to make the wel-fare of every individual and every province in his kingdom his care."

He roon abandoned this position. When

which have proved since to be a mere electioneering trick, the social democratic votes rose from 760,000 to 1,420,000, he alarmed the garrison of Berlin to "play at war," and it is reported on good authority that on this occasion the kaiser, alluding to the vote said to his suite at war, and it is reported on good authority that on this oocasion the kaiser, alluding to the vote, said to his suite, "Ballots are theirs, but bullets are mine." As his speeches declare, the emperor has made up his mind to "smash" any opposition, but the social democrats he means to "smash" above all. In 1889 when he received a deputation of the striking miners of Westphalia, he exclaimed: "Should it turn out that there is any socialist connection with this movement, then it will be impossible for me to weigh your wishes with my royal goodwill. For to me every social democrat is synonymous with a Reichs-und-Vaterlandsfeind (a fee of the empire and of the fatherland)," Later he spoke of the labor party as "a pest that must be rooted out." In September, 1895, when some opposition rose against the plan of the

court party to elevate William I, to whom his grandson, not history, had given the name of "Wilhelm der Grosse," to nearly the rank of a saint, the kaiser uttered his strongest outburst of hatred against the left wing of the opposition. In an address to the officers of the guard he said: "A rout of men unworthy to bear the name of Germans ventures to drag into the dust the sacred person of our blessed emperor (William I). May the whole nation find in themselves the power of rejecting these unheard-of attacks. If not, then I shall call upon you, my guards, to check this felonious rout and to engage in a fight that will relieve us from these elements." A few days later in another speech he designated the members of the social democratic party as "fatheriandless scamps." Although the country had hitherto been startled by the heavy increase of trials on the charge of less majeste, they were as nothing compared to the flood of these proceedings which broke all over the fatherland after these September speeches. From September, 1895 dates the high tide of ceedings which broke all over the father-land after these September speeches. From September, 1895, dates the high tide of persecutions caused by the personal en-trance of the kaiser into politics. What could be meant by that appeal to the guards? Revolution from above, bloodshed in the streets against a party which count-ed a million and a half votes in the elec-tions, the second strongest yets of all partions, the second strongest vote of all par-ties? Would it have been possible for a press which retained a minimum of selfrespect to refrain from commenting upon these speeches? Could a nation look tacitly upon a perspective as horrible as was drawn here by the kaiser? Such repres-sion could not be expected. But as soon as we opened our mouths to utter our opin ions upon these speeches we were sent to prison by scores.

Operations of the Law.

The kaiser had frankly spoken of civil war for which he would call upon the guards. But nobody was allowed to say that the kaiser had done it. For to initiate a civil war is a crime, and to say that the kaiser had borne in mind the idea of civil war is lese majeste, notwithstanding the fact that he had really and publicly uttered that idea as his own. The kaiser had called a million and a half subjects "father-landless scamps," but when a journalist wrote that the kaiser had "abused" the so-cial democrate here. whose that the kaiser had abused the so-cial democrats, he was sentenced for less majeste, because the kaiser is, by law, supposed to be unable to "abuse" even when he has clearly done so. In the case

when he has clearly done so. In the case of this journalist the public prosecutor defined the theory of less majeste thus:

"I do not ask whether what the accused maintained in his article be untrue or true, whether it has any justification or foundation, whether it he provoked by the emtion, whether it be provoked by the em peror or not, whether the emperor has used those words or not. The only question at issue is, Did he say that the emperor had abused the social democrats or not? He admits he did write it. That is absolutely sufficient for his conviction. As soon as he says, "The emperor has abused," he is guilty. In cases of less majeste no plea of justification is allowed. The king can do no wrong!"

He can do no wrong! Even if he does wrong it is no wrong! That is what the German people is commanded to believe since the "September-Kurs" was opened, that the German people is commanded by the judges of the country to accept as justice!

A Far-Fetched Charge.

When Liebknecht, the aged leader of the social democratic party, opened the annual party congress at Breslau some weeks after those September speeches of the kaiser, he said in his opening address, in which the person of the emperor was not even elluded to: "Thrusts of dirt, from whatever direction they may come cannot hit us." Result-four months' imprisonment on ac count of lese majeste for the septaugenarian, upon whom his most bitter opponents look with respect.

It may surprise people outside of our own "fatheriand" to learn how the court arrived at this conviction. Here are the "motifs" of the judgment; "These words (thrusts of dirt) do not, as such, constitute less majeste, and the accused is such an experienced politician that it was evidently his desire and his intention. his desire and his intention not to commit lese majeste." But as the kaiser had a few weeks before condemned the social democrats in strong terms, "there might have been people in the audience who might eventually have been of the opinion that Liebknecht alluded to the kaiser as throwing dirt, and it might well have been the intention of Liebknecht to provoke such an opinion in his audience."

This is a fine specimen of the rotten theory of "dolus eventualis" (eventual intent) which was specially invented by our prose- tombstone, was Copenhagen, the horse demand for victims of less majests. One may easily imagine how the confidence of the people in the administration of "jushas been strengthened by these manipulations of a foul byzantinism, and how they will speak out on this theory at the first opportunity.

Courts Do Not Agree.

There is another typical feature of the

lese majeste epidemic. After some months of administering "justice" of this sort, nobody in Germany knew what lese majeste was and what it was not. Not even judges knew, for on the same article courts in different towns diverged in judgment. Here ferent towns diverged in judgment. Here they dismissed; there they convicted. One editor was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, which he has served, for an article for which two high courts in another town declined to prosecute, because, in their opinion, there was not the slightest trace of less majeste in it. But the most startling example of these was most startling example of these corrupt trials is this: A provincial paper printed an article of its Berlin correspondent com-menting on the fact that nearly all duelist murderers were pardoned, while politi-cal prisoners had always to undergo their sentence. As the right of pardoning belongs to the crown, the provincial judges, with the aid of that famous crutch, "dolus eventualis," came to the conclusion that the editor of the paper had committed ese majeste because he had attributed to the crown an unequal and unjust adminis-tration of the right of pardon. The editor nad to undergo three months' imprison ment. Of course since the provincial editor, as the minor criminal who only printed the vicious article, was sent to prison, the actual author deserved to be punished in a more severe way, especially since he lived, as it were, under the eye of sacred majesty. So the provincial prosecutor triumphantly sent the judgment of his court to his Berlin colleague, who at once established proceedings against the correspondent. The ridiculous conclusion of the matter was that, though the public prosecutor read out to the Berlin judges the decision of their provincial colleagues, they unanimously discharged the author, stating that in their judgment the article contained nothing but fair criticism, and if such expressions of public opinion were to be punished, fair criticism would become impossible.

Nobody Knows What It is. It is a fact that nobody in Germany knows at this moment what less majeste is. For safety's sake, there is a mutual but tacit agreement among those concerned as far as possible not to mention the kalter and his doings. If he makes speechkalter and his doings. If he makes speeches they are registered verbatim without comment. That is, indeed, the strongest criticism to which they can possibly be subjected. As a final resort, the editor of the Kladderadatsch, Herr Trojan, recently resorted to the advice of the old Latin sage, "Riderda dicere verum," and instructed his artists to draw a comic picture of one of the emperor's addresses to his recruits. The nation once more laughed good-naturedly at their kaiser, but Herr Trojan was excluded from the common Trojan was excluded from the common merriment. He is allowed during two merriment. He is allowed during two months to meditate upon the lesson the Berlin judges gave him, that to make the nation laugh at the kaiser is one of the most terrible crimes of fin de siecle—at least in Germany.

There is another, perhaps the most pernicious, outcome of these lesse majeste prosecutions. I mean the accursed pest of denunciation which has fouled vast circles of the population. As lesse majeste

prosecutions. I mean the accursed pest of denunciation which has fouled vast circles of the population. As less majeste is punished, even if it has been committed as far back as four years, there is ample opportunity for rogues of every description to denounce their fellow-citizens against whom they have, or believe that they have, any cause for ill-feeling. Every man or woman in Germany, I daresay, has at least one less majeste on his or her conscience, and it is a detestable proof of the wickedness of human nature that since the initiation of the "September-kurs"—which means the course adopted by our government since the speech of the emperor to the guards on September, 1895—that "friends" have denounced their friends, neighbors their neighbors, workers their fellow - workers, mothers-in-law their sons-in-law, fathers their sons, nsy, even vives their husbands. The confidential word has not been holy and one cannot trust even his intimate acquaintances in this regard. Neither age nor sex is protected from the public prosecutor.

Readers in a country where less-ma-

jeste is an unknown thing may perhaps ceive the suspicion that I am telling tales, or, at least, am strongly exaggerat-ing. But the following quotations from newspaper reports will dismiss such sus-They are, with one except cases tried in a single month, and could be augmented ad libitum:
November 16. The tradesman, Baumann, was sentenced at Stettin for six months for less majeste. Some women customers with whom he had quarreled had denounced

him.

November 5. Liebsch, a laborer in a furnishing shop at Madgeburg, was sentenced for lese majeste, because in conversation he had sharply criticised the emperor's composition "Sang an Aegir."

November 8. The issue of the Vorwarts was seized by the public prosecutor for a paragraph containing the note that two policemen who had been sentenced to three months for assault had been pardoned by the emperor, to which note the editor added the remark that such leniency contrasted strangely with the reverse punishments for

strangely with the severe punishments for less majeste. The editor of the Vorwarts was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for such criticism of the kalser's rights.

rights.

November 22. Kupezyk, a Polish laborer of Neu-Weissensee, near Berlin, was sentenced to five months and two weeks for less majests. While intoxicated he had smashed the pictures suspended from the walls of his own room, one of them representing the emperor. His own wife, who had informed against him, was the chief witness. witness.

witness.

November 29. An invalid miner and a plasterer, both from Essen, were taken into custody and proceedings initiated against them. In a drunken discussion they had uttered some words against the emperor which were reported to the authorities by their companions.

their companions.

November 30. A Danish actor named
Marx, while on a lecturing tour to Hamburg, stayed at a hotel in Sonderburg, Marx was known as a Danish agitator in Schleswig-Holstein. He had a conversation with the parior maid at the hotel, the latter telling him that the soldiers of the garrison were going to play a comedy that night in honor of the empress' birthday.

Marx replied to the maid, "As foi," a Danish phrase meaning "What a pity." The
maid repeated this phrase to the authorities and the public prosecution. maid repeated this phrase to the authorities, and the public prosecutor, translating "aa foj" erroneously by "ah fy," "oh pfui" in German, at once arrested the actor and instituted proceedings against him for lese najeste. After having been in custody for a long time, the actor was tried and discharged, the judges accepting his plea that the words did not mean "oh for" but "who the words did not mean "ah fy," but "what a pity," his intention having been to express his regret that the play was to be enacted by dilettantes, and not by professional actors. This case created something of a sensation, even in Germany.

November 22. A widow named Zimmer-mann was tried in Hanover behind closed mann was tried in Hanover behind closed dcors. She was sentenced to five months. Within the Christmas week following nine cases of lese majeste were tried, three being dismissed. The others were disposed of by sentencing the prisoners to twenty-two months. For the year 1894, the year before the "September kurs," 622 persons were sentenced for less majeste, eleven of them being under eighteen years of age. In 1895 more than a thousand were convicted That there is no abatement in this un-pleasant situation is shown by the following recent case selected at random from the newspapers?

May 4, 1898. The shoemaker, Karl Gor-lich of Zaboze, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the criminal court of Gleiwitz, for less majeste. His wife, who is described as a very plous wo man, was the informer.

I think the reader will be satisfied by

this evidence. It comes from Germany, and there are still no signs of abatement, for speechmaking goes on. Witness the speeches at Kiel before the departure of Prince Henry for Kiao-Chao, on the "mailed fight" and the "goesal of your majesty's Prince Henry for Kiao-Chao, on the "mall-ed fist" and the "gospel of your majesty's secred person." But one thing is sure: The subject of lese majeste will play a promi-nent part in future elections and the voice of the people when it finds utterance, will be distinct enough to reach even the dulled ears of the resident of the schloss.

Famous War Horses

From the London Mail. Horses in war suffer more fatalities than men. Out of the many thousands who perish in their duty toward their masters, only a few return home to spend their lives in the ease and honor they deserve. One war horse, however, which made a splendid record for himself, and now has his virtues, name and noble deeds engraved on a fitting great Duke of Wellington rode at the bat-

tle of Waterloo. Nine years after the Emperor Napole died at St. Helena an old white horse pershed of old age and pneumonia in England. stitution, and to all visitors it is The skeleton of the animal is set up in the Royal United Service Inpointed out as Marengo, the charger Napo-leon rode at the battle of Waterloo. Marengo came originally from Egypt, and was left to wander on the dismal battlefield when the emperor was forced to fiv for his life. An English officer found and took him, and he was sold to a general in the British army. In English pastures, cared for by kindly grooms, this noble horse passed the latter years of his life far more peacefully and happily than his great and

Where Hearing Ceases.

From the London Mail. Lord Rayleigh in a lecture said that experiments had shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one-twelve-millionths of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing. Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged 100 times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were susceptible of being seen at all. Old people, he said, do not hear high notes which are audible to young persons, and there is reason to believe that babies hear notes which are inaudible to their elders.

A Pointer.

From Life. Hatterson-"How is it, old fellow?" Catterson (smacking his lips)-"I think I



of a boastful, cheerful idiot. If his head aches, it isn't worth paying any attention to: if he feels dull and drowsy during the day, it isn't worth serious consideration; if he is troubled with sleeplessness at night, he doses himself with opiates. When he suffers from nervousness, he walks into the nearest drug store and orders powerful medicines that even a physician prescribes with care. He is a very knowing fellow, but without knowing if he is hugging death. There is a wonderthat will keep the hardest working man in good working shape; it is Dr. Pierre's Golden Medical Discovery. It is made of pure native roots and barks. It contains no minerals, no narceties and no opiates. It simply aids nature in the natural processes of secretion and exerction. It tones up the stomach and facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It makes a man "hungry as a horse" and then sees to it that the life-giving elements of the food he takes are assimilated into the blood. It invigorates the liver. It drives out all impuration and disease years from the system. are assimilated into the blood. It invigors ates the liver. It drives out all impurities and disease germs from the system. It is the great blood-maker and ficsh-builder. It is the best of all nerve tonics. It cure

If constipation is also Pierce's Piessant Pellets show They never fail; they never a gists sell both medicines.